

## A LITTLE DECEPTION

IT WAS after the death of her mother that Hermance thought it well to consider the possibility of marriage. She was a spinster. She was a spinster in her own right of a modest competence, and had a heart full of generous impulses, but she was formed—in short, a humpback.

Seated alone in her quiet home at Chatillon with pleasant surroundings about her, she considered her lonely future with a shudder. But where to seek for a husband? Whom might she address?

She knew she did not possess the physical attractions of a young and more perfect beauty; she must confess that one shoulder was higher than the other, and from some words she overheard, she knew herself considered a little angular. But what of this in so loyal a heart?

One evening in her daily paper she found this advertisement, which immediately engrossed her attention.

The Matrimonial Institute of France, founded by Madame de Saint Elme. This institute has for its object the promotion of honorable marriages, between members of families best fitted both in a physiological and social point of view. Dowries from 2,000 to 20,000 francs. Office hours, one to five p. m. Correspondence solicited.

And the address followed. Hermance considered this matter that day and again the following day. Finally she said to herself:

"I will write to that woman."

And she wrote at once.

By return post she received a magnificently printed prospectus, beautifully lithographed on rose colored paper, which in a great many words explained, magnified and praised "the moral purpose of the Matrimonial Institute of France."

In conclusion Mme. de St. Elme invited her correspondent to send her the modest sum of two dollars as subscription to the Nuptial Veil, in which would be found a large list of candidates for matrimony, all guaranteed of good social rank, regularly registered and submitted to the choice of readers of both sexes. To be thus registered or to make choice of any name in these lists the further sum of five dollars must be remitted in advance.

Hermance sent, in conformity with the above conditions, the double fee, adding also, as advised in the prospectus, one of her photographs, a little portrait taken the year before, in which there appeared her fine head and neck, full of expression and grace, but showing her only as far as the shoulders.

As she glanced at the long list of possible husbands named in the Nuptial Veil she was embarrassed, there were so many. Marking out 20, these she reduced to 15, and then to 10, and 8. She paused, and then tired of the attempt, she finished by placing her pencil where it would fall, which happened to be No. 12,818, reading thus:

Employment, public; salary 3,500 francs, with advancement assured; aged 38 years, good health; simple tastes; desires to marry young lady of age and fortune, excellent habits and character.

"Simple tastes," of course it was impossible to tell what these words might mean, but trusting to the maternal character of the lady at the head of the institute, and forwarding a new check for the additional \$10 required, she received a photograph of No. 12,818, with a note giving the name, residence, etc., of the candidate.

His name was Adrien Bastide, and he was a public officer in the little town of Kernouev, in Brittany. In the picture, which represented him at full length, he appeared a man full of good humor and good will, with a full, open countenance, and a long beard, flowing down his breast. But how tall he was! You might have taken him for a drum major. What a contrast to poor little humpback Hermance!

"Ah, but he is a very good man for me," whispered she to herself.

At the same time that the photograph was sent to Hermance, Mme. de Saint Elme, always attentive to the interests of her clients, advised No. 12,818 of the distinction which had befallen him, and for a consideration, forwarded the note and portrait of Mlle. Desriguy, who straightaway received the following letter:

Mademoiselle: While not having the honor of being personally known to you, yet I cannot resist the deep emotion which only one look at your photograph has aroused in me, and to tell you by what all powerful, almost providential, sympathy I am turned to you.

Yes, it seems as if I hear a voice from heaven guiding and leading me to you. It is impossible to look upon a countenance so pure, so open, so frank, on eyes so full of spirit and impossible to deceive, and not to know you have a generous, loving heart.

And the writer of the letters prayed for the opening of a correspondence between them preparatory, if mutually agreeable, to a meeting at some future time.

An exchange of letters now ensued. Each day becoming more and more intimate, they confided to one another the stories of their youth, their hopes for the future and how and why they had had recourse to Mme. de Saint Elme.

The interview between the two could no longer be delayed. Adrien Bastide announced his intention to visit Chatillon in a fortnight, and the affair was readily and easily arranged.

Mlle. Desriguy would advise with some old friends of the family who would be glad to assist her. There would be nothing risked in acquainting them how matters were a few days in advance of the coming of her fiancé. Her fiancé! Ah, how sweet that word was to pronounce; how deliciously it made her heart throb.

Finally the great day came and Hermance was notified that M. Bastide would present himself at her house at two o'clock.

Everything in and around the house had been put in perfect order, and all was ready. Hermance kept repeating to her servant:

"I hear some one coming, Ionette."

"Mademoiselle has said that very often."

"Well, don't go to sleep in the porch, and be sure to bring him in—that person—to the parlor."

"Surely, mademoiselle. Don't you fear. I will hide myself in the corridor and run at the first sound of the bell."

The bell rang. The visitor, the tall, dark major with the long beard, appeared, but limping with one foot, and walking with a cane.

"Mademoiselle Desriguy?" said he. "It is I, Monsieur Bastide," tremblingly answered the little humpback, dropping the book in which she seemed to have been reading.

"You! But! Mademoiselle Hermance Desriguy who wrote to me?"

"Yes."

And both stood thunderstruck, facing each other, stupidly gazing without a word.

"But, mademoiselle, you have never— you ought to have told me." And Hermance replied, her cheeks now grown scarlet:

"Yes I know, I ought to perhaps, but you, you also, monsieur. I was born so—me—no—oh, no. Adieu, monsieur."

And our poor little heroine, wholly confused, her eyes filled with tears, fled away, leaving the room to her visitor, her fiancé.

The great giant stood still some minutes. What was there to do? Finally he opened a door into the hall and shuffled back to his hotel. There he seated himself on one of the soft banks of grass, and with eyes mechanically fixed upon the windings of the valley, tried to meditate over the occurrences of the afternoon, and gave himself up to the strange thoughts to which they gave rise.

Humpback! She was a humpback, and she had said nothing about it. This was the game, a shallow trick, and that maternal directress of the Matrimonial Institute of France, whose only object was to enable her children to make a better acquaintance and to shield them in marriage—charlatan, cheat.

But how about himself? What had he said about his infirmity?

He had been very careful in not speaking of that. He had tried to trick her? No, truly, that was not his object. He had not wished to hurry.

And she—oh, without doubt, it was her timidity; perhaps in her case also she felt ashamed. He had no reason to be proud.

Adrien Bastide had been tenderly brought up by a mother who idolized him. Jealous of every woman who approached him, yet she had had an intention certainly of seeing him married, and she truly meant not to disappoint him. But years passed on and she discovered one not worthy of him, and finally she died without placing her hand upon the fine pearl sought for.

Adrien at the age of 22, on account of a fall from a horse, had lost the free use of his right leg. After his mother's death he said to himself that now was the time to replace her. But how?

Provisionally, as he then thought, he saw the advertisement of the marriage institute and paying his subscription and enrollment fee he received a photograph and communication in which Hermance, No. 19724, was described:

Orphan, 29 years, musician, dowry 40,000 francs, living in a neat cottage with garden and running stream of water, would espouse man of honor, in preference official.

This exactly suited him; perhaps even the 40,000 francs no less than the garden and stream full of fish attracted him.

Alas, some points had been omitted in the advertisement in the Nuptial Veil and also in the letters from Mme. de St. Elme—yet how full of sweetness and spirituality her letters had been!

Well, he was not coming 200 miles for nothing; he would go and explain himself at least.

Hermance during this time was reflecting on the situation. It was not so easy to find a husband at 29, she well knew.

He was a cripple, yet, but she was—well a little peaked.

"Nothing," she thought, "will make M. Bastide return to the house. There are three trains to Paris, two in the morning and one in the afternoon at 4:30."

"He will do nothing until train time. I might at least try to meet him, as it were by accident, at the station."

So with hat and mantle she quickly set out. But two steps from her house she ran into the good giant.

"Monsieur Adrien, must you leave town at once?" she asked.

And she had a look so contrite, and eyes so ready to fill with tears that the giant bent over her and took her hand respectfully.

"I ask your pardon," he said, "for all I did. You were much excited; so was I. But I do not wish to return without seeing you again. Permit me to enter with you. Now we know each other, and we can speak more quietly."

There were two happy persons in that little house and they are now happy, those two who had not told the truth.—From the French in N. Y. Sun.

Character and Laws.

How ridiculous it would seem, writes Annie Payson Call, in Leslie's Monthly Magazine, if a man tried to make water run up hill without providing that it should do so by reaching its own level, and then got indignant because he did not succeed, and wondered if there was not some "cure" by means of which his object might be accomplished. And yet it is no more strange for a man to disobey habitually the laws of character and then to suffer for the disobedience, and wonder why he suffers.



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL BUILDING.

The picture shows it as it will appear when the proposed additions have been made to the center of the east front. This addition will add 30 more rooms to the capitol, and when done the completed building will have cost the government about \$18,000,000.

### FOOTGEAR OF JAPANESE.

It Is of the Kind That Makes the Feet Hard and the Ankles Strong.

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway, or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritating squeak that makes his very nerves shudder. Nevertheless, says the London Chronicle, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make the feet as hard as steel iron, and ankles as strong as sheet girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties; the low shoe is called the "komageta," and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have a thin thong attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood, about three inches high, at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors, and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats, made of panama. The highest price amounts to about ten yen or five dollars, while the cheapest is less than ten sen, or a few cents, but then the "geta" will not last longer than a month, and ones out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or still walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move along on the national footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems to their miniature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume, and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extensive variety. He mastered all the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he unearthed the "geta" he was completely at a loss to understand its use. Having only just arrived in the country, and not being over observant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration, he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese, "this wooden block has got a very lovely shape, it is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epaulettes."

And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

Some parents allow their children to play barefoot in the streets, but when going out with their elders, or paying visits, it is essential that everyone, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog, and propel themselves in this odd fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward encumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, one seldom sees Japanese children gambling in open playgrounds—they have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top spinning or football never obstructs the roadways.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart, he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside the door. The guest will immediately take the hint, and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of a "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta," and although civilization may teach them to win battles it will never induce them to wear leather boots!

### REST CURE FOR HORSES.

Massachusetts Farm Where Worn Out City Animals Are Recuperated.

Red Acre farm, in the village of Stow, about 25 miles northwest of Boston, is the first home for horses established in the United States. Its chief object is to afford a resting and building-up place for tired-out or run-down horses, whose owners will pay what they can afford, be it little or nothing. In some cases, says Country Life in America, horses will be loaned or let out on hire to take the place of those resting at the farm. The second object is to receive "paying patients," or pensioners; that is, to take care of horses no longer up to the work required of them—faithful servants whose masters are willing to pay for their board and lodging in their declining days. The third object is to find homes for servicable animals which the owners are reluctant to sell. Red Acre farm undertakes the charge of such horses; it will loan them, not give them away; and the farm will keep an eye on all horses thus loaned, and will promptly reclaim any that are not well and kindly treated. No one who has not made the attempt can realize how hard it is to find a good, safe home for a superannuated horse.

The fourth object of the farm is to buy horses that are in bad condition and ill used, restore them to health and strength, and let them out or loan them to men whose horses are resting at the farm. The fifth object is to buy and mercifully to kill horses that are incurably lame or otherwise permanently disabled. But why kill them? some kind-hearted person may exclaim. Why not support them in comfort at the farm? It would indeed be a pleasure to do so, but it would be misplaced charity and false economy. That course would result in rescuing only one animal from misery; whereas, if you kill the incurable horse, and devote the space and money which he would require to some other horse whose condition is equally painful, but who can be restored to health, you are then rescuing two animals instead of one from misery.

The sum of \$100 will endow a free bed or stall for a year, and the person or association paying this sum is entitled to keep at the farm whatever pensioner he may select. The Animal Rescue league in Boston—an association for befriending homeless dogs and cats, which also keeps an eye out for the horse—has already endowed one stall.

### HUNTING HATS BY RAIL.

Motormen on Suburban Trolley Cars Find It a Profitable Sport.

While a Chester trolley was speeding along several miles out of Darby, a few evenings ago, the motorman suddenly slackened the car's speed with a jolt several times. Each time a piece of paper was along the track, says the Philadelphia Record.

"On my last trip out a young fellow who was sitting on the front seat lost his Panama," said the motorman to a friend near his elbow. "I thought that paper might be it. Yes; he got off to look for it, but maybe he didn't find it, for he didn't know where it blew off. He put the hat on the floor under the seat, rather than hold it in his hand, and after he had gone about four miles he noticed that it had disappeared. There was no way of telling in which one of the four miles it had blown off, so he just got off the car with the intention of walking back the entire distance, unless he would find it sooner."

"Maybe it's only a 75-cent Panama, anyhow," suggested the motorman's friend, when another white object on the road proved to be paper.

"Well, sometimes we find a mighty good hat," continued the motorman. "More than a few blow off every week. It's a poor summer if I don't find ten or 12 straw hats, and some of them are fine ones. The other motormen do about as well. The best time to find them is on the early morning runs, as the hats are mostly lost at night. Frequently they land in a dark place, and can't be found until daylight. Of course, we keep them when we find them. How could we do otherwise, when we never know to whom they belong? The men always jump off the car after their hats blow off, and we never hear from them again."

"Why do more hats blow off at night than during the day?"

"Mostly because more young men ride on the cars at night. They take off their hats to enjoy the breeze. Sometimes the hat is blown out of their laps, and sometimes it is blown off their heads. Often the young man's companion holds his hat for him, and sometimes it blows out of her hands. The few hats that are blown off during the day are easily found."

Peruvian Population. The present population of Peru does not exceed 3,000,000.

### STREAM MEASUREMENTS.

Phenomena of "Pulsation of Moving Water" Interferes Greatly with Accuracy.

Since 1902, when the United States geological survey published water-supply and irrigation paper, No. 64, entitled "The Accuracy of Stream Measurements," considerable additional data has been collected in regard to this subject. Among these are the results of investigations made by Mr. Edward C. Murphy in the hydraulic laboratory of Cornell university, concerning the flow of small and moderate sized streams and the results of high-water measurements made by him near Oswego, and at Binghamton. This paper also contains a report on a series of vertical velocity measurements made under ice on streams in the Catskill mountains, which are of special interest, as they are the most extensive series of measurements of this kind which have been made.

The accuracy of the measurement of a stream depends largely upon the accuracy with which the cross-sectional area and the velocity are measured. There is no special difficulty in measuring the first factor, but the second factor is very difficult to determine, chiefly because it is constantly changing. The velocity varies not only from the surface to the bottom of the stream, and from one bank to the other, so that it is necessary to measure it at many points, but is constantly changing at every point, even when the cross-sectional area and the discharge remain constant.

Several experimenters have observed the phenomenon of "pulsation of moving water," and a few have tried to measure it, but as yet little is known of the magnitude and frequency of the pulsations or of the laws governing them. A knowledge of such phenomena is evidently of vital importance in making and computing stream measurements. If only a few observations of velocity are made, these may all, or nearly all, be made at a time of maximum impulse, and thus the measured mean velocity be too large; or it is possible that most of the observations may be made at a time of minimum impulse, and thus the mean velocity be too small.

The investigations made have also an important bearing on the kind of instruments best suited to measure the velocity, as some—the float rod, for example—give the velocity of a single impulse, while others—as the current meter—show the average velocity due to all the impulses during the observation.

The motion of water in an open channel is not, however, simply a succession of impulses. On the contrary, it is exceedingly complex, and is very different from the uniform flow in parallel straight lines that is assumed in deriving the ordinary hydraulic formulas. Under close observation the water of the most undisturbed streams is seen to contain some particles that move up, others that move down, and still others that move across.

The accuracy of a discharge measurement also depends much upon the physical features of the stream at the discharge section or point of measurement. Seldom are all the conditions favorable for the most accurate work.

Discharge measurements of streams flowing in natural and artificial channels have been made with various kinds of instruments and in many ways. The earlier ones were made with crude instruments, and in some cases the surface velocity only was observed, the mean velocity being computed from a formula which we now know is not correct. Very little seems to have been done in the way of determining the degree of accuracy of the measurements. Even when the experimenter has used two or more instruments to measure velocity, he does not appear to have made simultaneous measurements with different instruments, or to have employed different methods with the same instruments, in order to test the accuracy of the results.

These matters are all discussed in detail in Mr. Murphy's paper, which is listed as Water Supply and Irrigation Paper No. 95, and may be obtained on application to the director of the United States geological survey, Washington, D. C.

### Could Prove an Alibi.

"I was trying to impress on my class the fact that Anthony Wayne had led the charge up Stony Point," said J. L. Pembroke, a professor in a primary school in Paducah, Ky.

"Who led the charge up Stony Point?" I asked. "Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

"No reply came."

"Can no one tell me?" I repeated, sternly. "Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the charge up Stony Point?"

"I—I don't know," replied the little fellow, frightened. "I—I don't know. It wasn't me. I—I just came here last month from Texas."—Louisville Herald.

### Bricks Made of Sand and Lime.

Bricks are now being made of clean sand and ground quicklime that are said to be as substantial as granite. They cost \$2.50 per 1,000. The mixed ingredients are forced into a strong steel cylinder under the action of a screw. After the air has been sucked from the cylinder, hot water is admitted, the rock being formed by the resulting pressure and heat.

### Die Unseen.

Capital punishment is in vogue in Japan, but no one—not even the executioner—witnesses the actual dispatch of the condemned man, who is placed in a kind of box and left to himself as soon as the noose is adjusted. The floor of the box falls when the signal is given, and the murderer drops into eternity unseen.

## ESCAPED

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DENN'S SURE, SAFE AND SPEEDY CURE.

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We could fill a large newspaper with responsible witnesses of what Denn's Sure, Safe and Speedy Cure can do. But try a 25 cent or 75 cent bottle and you will be surprised at the immediate help it affords.

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For the comfort of society. One less will visit your homes if he is introduced to one of our revolvers.

### This Week Only I Will Sell

Double Action Revolvers, with rebounding hammers, nicely finished and nickelled, octagon barrel, hard rubber handles.  
22-32-38 Cal. . . . . \$2.00

Automatic Safety Hammer Revolvers, made with hinged frame, rebounding hammers, automatic shell ejectors. Positive safety device; accidental discharge impossible.  
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Automatic Safety Hammerless Revolvers, have hinged frame, independent cylinder stop and automatic shell ejectors. Has no hammer to catch on clothing. Fits the pocket.  
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All other popular makes, such as Colts, Smith & Wesson, etc., in stock.

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When your hair needs shampooing, dressing, or manucuring, call Phone 168. Work executed in best of manner. Cash given good references.  
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I am prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best manner possible, both in and outside work. I will take pleasure in making estimates free of charge for anyone. Work guaranteed.  
EMMETT FITZGERALD,  
Paris, Ky.

### A Continual Strain.

Many men and women are constantly subjected to what they commonly term "a continual strain" because of some financial or family trouble. It wears and distresses them both mentally and physically, affecting their nerves badly and bringing on liver and kidney ailments, with the attendant evils of constipation, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality and despondency. They cannot, as a rule, get rid of this "continual strain," but they can remedy its health destroying effects by taking frequent doses of Green's August Flower. It tones up the liver, stimulates the kidneys, insures healthy bodily functions, gives vim and spirit to one's whole being, and eventually dispels the physical or mental distress caused by that "continual strain." Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.—W. T. Brooks.

### Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet it is no unusual sight to see a mother, with babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of a consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boecher's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup, so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25c; large size 75c. At all druggists.—W. T. Brooks.

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